My Former Hopes Are Dead

Doh is Ab · 4/4 Tune: AYLESBURY

| l, - - - m - r - | d - t, - l, - - - |
My former hopes are dead,

| m - - - s - f - | m - r - m - - - |
My terror now begins;

| _ _ d - t, - l, - | m - d - r - d - |
I feel, a- las! that I am

| t, - l, - m - r - | d - - - t, - - - |
dead In trespass- es and

| l, - - - - - - - |
sins.

The other verses

2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure, a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Fore-runner of the sun,
It marks the Pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

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